REDCLIFF REVIEW

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DUKE OF FIFE DIES

Husband of Princess Royal Succumbs on His Way to Khartum.

The Duke of Fife, brother-in-law of King George, of Great Britain, died at Assuan, Upper Egypt, last Monday, at 6 p. m. The duke, who was married to the Princess Royal, King Edward's eldest daughter, went to Assuan to attend the ceremonies in connection with the consecration of the English cathedral of Khartum by the Bishop of London as a memorial to the late General Gordon. This ceremony took place on Friday last, but the duke was too ill to attend.

Alexander William George Duff, Duke of Fife, was born in 1849 and married in 1889 Princess Royal, eldest daughter of King Edward, then Prince of Wales. He was created a duke by Queen Victoria on the occasion of his marriage. He took little part in public life and spent most of his time at Mar Lodge, Aberdeenshire. A few weeks ago the duke and duchess with their two daughters were rescued from the steamer Delhi, off Tangier and only narrowly escaped with their lives. The duke was then on his way to Egypt and continued his journey, but fell ill before reaching Khartum. No account of the nature of the illness has been telegraphed, but probably the exposure at the wreck of the Delhi accounted largely for it.

WATCH THE BORDER

C. A. Magrath Advocates Strict Watch Be Keep on Immigrants Entering the Dominion.

Strict surveillance of the people who come into Canada was one of the features of an address delivered before the Canadian Club of Quebec on last Saturday night by C. A. Magrath, of the International Waterways Commission. His subject was "Stray thoughts about Canada and the Empire." He thought that Canada must remain a portion of the British empire or become part of the United States. He advocated the holding of imperial conferences more frequently and considered that they did a great deal of good. The pride and pleasure in being a Canadian citizen would depend upon the wise manner in which the sieve was used on its borders. The cementing together of the British dominions which encircled the globe was a magnificent task, he said, and in the best interests of humanity. The perpetuation of the great British empire stood for the welfare and advancement of mankind.

Guests at Redcliff Hotel.

Those registering at the Redcliff Hotel since last Friday are as follows:

Saturday, E. P. Barker, J. Richardson, Macleod; R. S. Gibson, Calgary; R. Huicks, Lethbridge.

Sunday, A. J. Bennett, Medicine Hat; G. J. Dubeau; W. R. Hoyle, Carlstadt; W. G. Wright, Winnipeg.

Monday, M. Rindahl.

Tuesday, A. McCallum, Winnipeg.

Wednesday, Chas. Vikin; J. G. Jackson, Medicine Hat; D. R. Mower, Mr. and Mrs. Rynerson, M. McArthur, W. G. Wright, Winnipeg; F. M. Buckles, Calgary; G. I. Davidson, Medicine Hat.

Thursday, S. M. Daniel, J. A. King, Medicine Hat; P. S. Webster, Calgary; A. H. Anderson, Winnipeg; J. L. Landis, Calgary; A. A. MacDonald.

To Give Dance.

The Redcliff Burns' Club met last Tuesday night and after receiving the report of the committee on the Burns celebration, voted to give a dance on the night of Feb. 21.

BROKE THE RECORD

The Redcliff Brick & Coal Co. Turned Out a Large Amount of Brick Last Week.

Mr. E. H. Sellhorn, manager of the Redcliff Brick & Coal Co., states that the company broke all records last week in making brick in this northern climate in the winter time. Mr. Sellhorn did not care to state just how many were turned out, but as the plant has a capacity of 70,000 brick per day, and has been running on full time, it was probably over 400,000. The plant has been running all winter and will have a very large stock on hand when the building season opens.

ROOSEVELT WILL RUN IF COAXED

That Seems to Be the General Impression Across the Line.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 30.—Close friends of ex-President Roosevelt in Washington expect that some public announcement as to his intention in regard to the presidential nomination this year will appear within the next ten days or two weeks.

Republican governors of several states and former governors are arranging to address a call to the Colonel to become the party's candidate this year. The contributing editor, according to advises here, will not be wholly unprepared for this invitation. In fact reliable information has come to Washington that the matter has been canvassed thoroughly and that he is familiar with the details and that he has not discovered the plan. In the words of the popular song, he will be "Waiting at the Church."

BREVITIES

The Brick & Coal Company has been having some trouble with the gas line to the pumping station lately but it was thoroughly overhauled last Tuesday and is now in good condition.

If the fine weather of the past 10 days continues for a few days longer the four new houses now under roof will soon be ready for occupancy.

The Brick & Coal Company shipped out several cars of coal this week, but this mild weather has reduced the orders some.

Mr. James Merry is developing into quite an expert cribbage player.

Mr. Broadfoot's new livery barn is nearly finished and will be ready for occupancy in a few days.

Today is ground hog day. Look out for his shadow. We don't want six weeks more of winter.

Mr. O. H. Davidson, one of our local building contractors, is building four houses, three for the Realty Company and one for Mr. Harry Haywood. The houses for the Realty Company will soon be finished.

Mr. J. L. Landis, of Calgary, who owns some real estate in Redcliff, was in town Thursday. He called on the REVIEW and paid for a year's subscription in advance, which helps a little.

We understand that Mr. Dingwall is seriously thinking of giving up banking and taking up bronco bustin'.

THE WHEAT SITAUTION

An Immense Amount of Grain Still in the West.

An official estimate made the first of the week of the amount of wheat still to be carried east by the railway companies from the west was 61,000,000 bushels. In addition to this total there was computed by officials to be from eight to ten million bushels of wheat to be threshed, making a total 70,000,000 bushels still to be handled. The problems presented by this condition are the most serious that have been faced in western Canada.

The most serious element in the situation is that presented by the tough damp or wet wheat. Different estimates are made of the amount which is in this condition. The lowest figure is ten, and the highest, twenty per cent of the whole. From seven to fourteen million bushels of wheat, in addition to immense quantities of course grains, are in imminent danger. Within a few weeks millions of dollars may be lost, and hundreds of men ruined. In the village of Verigin, Sask., there is a pile of wheat containing 500,000 bushels. It is worth $350,000. It is covered with snow, and ice and snow is mingled with the grain. All of this grain can be saved, if action is taken, and all may be lost. The condition in this village is paralleled in scores of villages of Saskatchewan, the only difference being in the amount at stake. A February thaw would seal the fate of many men who risked all they owned on the crop of 1911. They have from 1,000 to 5,000 bushels of tough, damp or wet wheat, in their possession, and are unable to get rid of it to any one. The elevators refuse to take it, and cars cannot be got to ship it. It it could be got to Minneapolis and Duluth every bushel could be saved.

CHURCH AFFAIRS

The Ladies' Aid.

The first meeting of the Ladies Aid Society was held in the church Wednesday afternoon and transacted a good deal of business. After a lunch and a good social time, they adjourned to meet with Mrs. Forecast at her home, on Thursday (not Wednesday) next, at 3 o'clock. It is hoped that a large number of the ladies will attend that meeting.

Rev. Wm. Shearer, mission superintendent for the Presbytery of Calgary, spent Thursday and Friday of last week in town, the guest of Rev. and Mrs. Gordon.

On Thursday of this week Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Coulthard and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. M. Putnam and their children, of Bowell, spent the afternoon at the Manse.

MONKS SLAUGHTERED

SOFIA, Feb. 1.—Storming the Bulgarian monasteries near Uskab, the Turkish mob yesterday decapitated nine monks while they begged for mercy. The fathers were at prayer when they were attacked by the mob. Without listening to the pleas of the terror-stricken victims, the Turks dragged them from before the altar and struck off their heads one by one. The bodies were dragged to the doorway and thrown down the steps where they we left.

A severe racial conflict is thought to be impending. The slaughter of the monks is thought to have been inspired by the blowing up of a Turkish Mosque several weeks ago. Assassinations have been frequent since then, and the Turkish government is said to said to have made no effort to suppress the atrocities.

Hard to See.

First Scot—What sort o' meenister has ye gotten, Geordie.

Second Scot—We seldom get a glint o' him six days o' the week he's envees he, and on the seventh he's incomprehensible.—Tit-Bits.

RELIGIOUS WAR IN LEGISLATURE

Heated Discussion In of the Committees Over Two Private Bills.

Two private bills promoted by religious bodies were before the private bills committee of the Alberta legislature at Edmonton Wednesday, and strong opposition was offered by representatives of various other denominations.

The joint committee of several denominations having met to consider the powers asked for in the bill to incorporate the the Ruthenian Sisters of Immaculate Conception, had drawn up a list of questions asking for fuller information. Those questions inferred that teachers in the schools to be organized were practically priscers, and that the powers, if established, might be abused by having Ruthenian children imported who would injure the labor market.

These insinuations were warmly resented by L. M. Roberts and other members of the committee, who regarded them as unfair and improper. Roberts said he was surprised that men calling themselves Christians should make such statements and suggested that the gentlemen opposing the bill must have some ulterior object.

This allegation on the part of Mr. Roberts was in turn hotly replied to by the religious gentlemen before the committee, Rev. J. E. Ducloz, of the Presbyterian church, Norwood, stating that Mr. Roberts showed a lack of gentlemanly feeling. Thereupon Mr. Roberts urged that the reverend gentlemen be expelled from the house.

Rev. W. Coulter, Methodist, and J. J. Denman, chairman of the denominational joint committee, also appeared before the committee to oppose the bill in its present form.

"This legislation shall not be made an arena for carrying on a religious warfare," was the comment of one of the members, and this view met with general endorsement. Messrs. Riley, Tweedie and Headley were strongly opposed to the legislation, while L. M. Roberts supported the measure. It was finally decided to report the bill to the house for consideration in committee of the whole.

GOING AFTER SETTLERS

Hon. Robt. Rodgers Sending Three Commissioners to England.

Hon. Robert Rogers, minister of the interior, has appointed three delegates to visit Great Britain for the purpose of inducing the farmers of the British Isles to emigrate and enter the field of agriculture in Alberta.

The delegates left Calgary Tuesday, and will sail on the Empress of Britain from St. John, N. B., on Feb. 9. They will be in England four months, and will spend the time lecturing in the rural districts.

ELECTION IS FORECASTED

Lloyds Underwriters A Good Index on Matters Suggests Change Soon.

NEW YORK, Feb. 1.—A London cable to the Journal of Commerce says: Discussions as to the probability of a general election this year continue active in financial circles here. Merchants are already apply for insurance at Lloyd's against loss should an election take place. They are charged 35 guineas per cent., which is almost prohibitive and indicates that the underwriters dislike accepting the risk, notwithstanding that ministerial sentiments that an election is unlikely. Whether any definite appeal to the people be taken, there can be no question that parliamentary sentiment is undergoing an active readjustment and that the natural reaction that has been so confidently predicted against the Socialistic tendency of the present government is already odnor way. The high taxes are having their effect.

Plenty of That Game.

Trouble hunters never come home empty-handed.—Chicago News.

STANDING OF PUPILS

Results of Examinations of Scholars in the Public School.

The following are the marks obtained by the pupils in Standards III, IV and V for the past week:

STANDARD V.

	Grammar
Tena Lavelle	84
Elsie Clare	82

STANDARD IV.

	Arithmetic
Edythe Broadfoot	49
Violet Gibson	55
Madeline Dodge	45

STANDARD III.

	Arithmetic
Harold Sirr	80
Evelyn Riddell	91
Ross McKay	55
Clarinda Clare	75
Marion Miller	50
Hazel Current	85
Ralph Clare	45

STANDARD III.

	Eng. His.
Ross McKay	62
Ralph Clare	67
Evelyn Riddell	56
Clarinda Clare	69
Marian Miller	36
Hazel Current	65

In Miss Gordon's room the monthly standing for January is as follows:

PRIMARY A AND B.

1. Tommy Dodge.
2. Lawrence Newsome.
3. Gladys Current.
4. Collins McKay.
5. Blanche Current.
6. Ruth Stronach.
7. Ross McLachlan.
8. Nannie Learmonth.
9. James Brown.
10. Bert Forecast.
11. Olive Riddell.
12. Stella Kirke.
13. Freda Tolle.
14. June Noll.
15. John Noll.
16. Jean Brown
17. Sidney Shortt.

STANDARD I.

1. Lily Newsome.
2. Ina McKay.
3. Vera Grouch.
4. Willie Clare.
5. Frank Riddell.

STANDARD II.

1. Clyde Scott.
2. Thurza Scott.
3. Nonna Current.
4. George Smithson.
5. Willie Hamilton.
6. Muriel Miller.
7. May Lavelle.
8. Viola Henderson.
9. Willie Henderson.

Odd Fellows to Organize.

A lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows will be organized in this city on Feb. 16. This order is one of the strongest on the American continent and numbers among its members some of the most prominent men in both Canada and the United States.

MAY LEAVE CONVENTION

BRUSSELS, Belgium, Jan. 31—The international sugar conference met here today. All the delegates except the Germans expressed themselves in favor of acceding to Russia's request to increase her export of sugar to 300,000 tons and the continuance of the present arrangement for another five years with the additional proviso that Russia shall be permitted further to increase her export in the event of another dearth of sugar as in 1911.

The conference adjourned until Thursday to permit the German and Russian delegates to refer the question to their respective governments. It is understood that GERMANY is not willing to consent to Russia exporting more than 150,000 tons.

Russia's request to the sugar conference was for an increase of her exports of her sugar westward to Great Britian and Canada from 200,000 to 300,000 tons, the Brussels convention having limited export to the former figure. At a recent meeting of sugar experts in Berlin, the rejection of Russia's request was recommended to the government which it was said would probably follow the expert's advice. This probably means the dissolution of the Brussels convention, as the English government insists that the powers permit Russia to export at least 300,000 tons of sugar westward.

Princeton's new president says graduates are worth about $6 a week. They feel cheaper when they make the first real start.

WHAT TO SAY ABOUT REDCLIFF

Redcliff is situated on the C. P. R. six miles west of Medicine Hat, on the banks of the Saskatchewan river.

Natural gas is probably Redcliff's first and greatest asset—meeting the requirements of as great a demand as may be made for manufacturing purposes.

Working coal mines on both sides of the river, and immense deposits cropping out yet unexplored.

Brick and other clay products are manufactured extensively and additional enterprises for this line of industry are in contemplation.

The business houses and residences are practically all of brick—home product.

Silica sands abound, tests of which have proven an excellent quality for glass making.

Industrial sites are donated to new enterprises.

Surrounding territory is in the heart of Alberta's wheat belt, and there are no more prosperous farmers in the world than here.

Redcliff already has—

A flour mill that will handle 200,000 bushels of the Redcliff and Bowell wheat crop this fall.

A well equipped foundry, machine shop and planing mill in operation.

Two plants for making brick and clay products, the demand for which is increasing constantly.

One protestant church.

A fine, new, thoroughly modern brick school house.

An excellent gas lighting system, and mains laid thru out the city.

An assessed valuation of more than half a million and a municipal tax levy of eight mills.

As fine a three-story modern brick hotel as there is in the west.

A perfect system of water works—water pure as the mountain springs.

All this has been accomplished in two years' time.

COMMERCIAL

PRINTING

X

Letter Heads
Statements
Bill Heads
Envelopes
Cards
Etc.

X

Everything In Office Stationery at the

REDCLIFF REVIEW

A Christmas Morning

On Which a Bride Gives Her Husband a Present

By Martin Stringfellow

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"I am sorry, Ella, that we are not able to celebrate this our first Christmas together," said Tom Wentworth to his bride, "but the fact nevertheless remains true."

"And why not?" asked the young wife, with surprise written on every line of her face.

"Let me tell you." He took both her hands in his and drew her down on to a seat beside him. "I have something to impart that I have kept to myself for years. You know Shuster?"

"Yes, I know the old curmudgeon."

"Well, I am indebted to him to the amount of $1,000."

"Why, Tom! And you never told me!"

"I told you before we were married that I had barely enough income from my own profession to procure for us the necessaries of life, with not a cent for pleasures. The celebration of Christmas comes under the latter head. You remember that when I finished my four years at college my father failed and I had not the wherewithal to attain my profession. Then suddenly I told you that I had obtained the means, but was pledged to tell no one whence I received it."

"Yes; I remember that."

"One day while I was lamenting my hard fate in being obliged to go into business after expecting to become a lawyer I met old Shuster on the street. Shuster, as you know, tends money at a high rate of interest. He asked me what I proposed to do now that I had been graduated, I, very full of my disappointment and cold him about it. To my surprise, he offered to lend me the money required to study for my profession.

"'But,' I said, 'you only lend money on security, and I have no security.'

"'I want no better security than the word of an honorable man,' he replied. 'I know when it is safe to lend money and when to refuse to lend.'

"'But you will require a high rate of interest.'

"'Not in this case. Six per cent will do.'

"He agreed to furnish the money as I needed it and declined to take any notes for the amount loaned. I borrowed a little over three hundred a year from him for three years, carrying myself as much besides. On getting my degree I found I owed him two notes of $500 each, one note to be paid each year. Now, you know that my salary with Bunby and Nibbs is $1,500 a year. Of this amount $500 must go to Shuster, leaving us $1,000 on which to live; consequently for two years we have absolutely nothing for pleasures."

While the husband was speaking the wife drew closer and closer to him and when he had finished looked up into his face and said:

"I will help you all I can in the matter of giving up pleasures till the debt is paid."

"I knew you would, sweetheart. You see, I shall not only relish to give myself worthy of Shuster's confidence"—

"His confidence!"

"Yes. Did he not prove it in lending me the money on my bare promise to repay him?"

"Oh, certainly—yes. I suppose so."

"Well, then, it is understood that we give no presents on Christmas. We can tell every one beforehand that we intend to make nothing of Christmas this year, and next year we'll tell them the same."

"No, we won't."

"But dear, I shall have another note"—

"Never mind next year. I will agree to all you suggest for this one except one thing. There shall be one gift between us, and only one. That will be from me to you."

"Well, it be you wish. But let it be some trifling article made with your own hands. I shall prize it all the more if you make it yourself."

The dialogue occurred previous to Tom Wentworth's departure for his office. With the last words he kissed his bride and went out. She appeared at a window, and he threw her a kiss.

Unknown to her husband, Ella Wentworth made such preparations for Christmas as she could to make. She was the financial manager of household expenses and was not required to make an accounting. As to the subject of her conversation with her husband, it must be confessed that she violated his wishes. She purchased such gifts as she would have bought had he not signified a desire that she should not do so. But she maintained absolute secrecy in these matters, bringing home the articles bought when she knew Tom was at the office and storing them away where he would not stumble upon them. She provided for an elaborate breakfast for Christmas morning, inviting every one of her own and her husband's families to join them on the occasion.

Tom saw Christmas approach with something of displeasure—that is, the Christmas of his own household. Holidays we do not celebrate ourselves are not only irksome, but at times unpleasant. Tom knew what he owed Shuster and his wife in suggesting that she give up entering upon the pleasures of Christmas in order to ... as one expressed it, "for a good horse." He told her when he went to his office the day before the holiday that he would be obliged to spend the evening there working over the papers of a case that had been referred to him to put in order to be used at an approaching trial. His purpose was to furnish an excuse for spending Christmas eve, which they could not afford to make a joyous occasion, away from doing the expected that she would demur at this, but she made no objection whatever. Indeed, since she was intending to celebrate Christmas morning with considerable profusion and fearing that he would notice some indication of the coming event, she was glad to have him away from the house.

Tom came home late Christmas eve, heaving a sigh as he turned his latch key. Ella was waiting for him upstairs and, instead of echoing his sigh, received him with a smile.

"What a treasure you are, sweetheart," he said, embracing her, "to give up so much for me."

There was a twinge of conscience on the wife's part at this undeserved encomium, but she threw it off and began to speak of other subjects. We are but human, and it is not best to put too great a strain on one another. To deny a woman or a child all participation in celebrating Christmas is assigning a task without giving adequate strength for its performance. It may awake that night brooding over having to deny his young wife what he knew was so eagerly desired and would take the best morning. Ella had dressed and gone below. Tom arose and was completing his toilet when he heard voices downstairs. Since the parlor was no servant he was surprised. Going downstairs he was astonished to see his mother and his father and his sister, while his wife's parents were just coming in at the front door.

"Merry Christmas!" all shouted at once.

Tom looked at Ella with a half astonished, half reproachful glance, which melted into a smile under the ringing salutation.

Then came others of both families, every one bringing a package. Tom was surprised to see the breakfast table drawn out to thrice its usual length, with a card bearing a name on each plate, packages piling on to each card. Ella in passing him took his hand and gave it a squeeze, looking into his eyes with an expression which might mean almost anything, but which Tom took as a pleading for forgiveness. Then the breakfast was brought in and all sat down to the table.

Neither Tom nor Ella made any reference during the meal to the violation of her agreement as to celebrating Christmas. But Tom did not act ingenuously about it, for the first few moments entering into the spirit of Christmas with a hearty good will. Ella was unusually merry, showing no trace of fear at a wedding after the celebration was over. When breakfast was finished it was agreed that the presents should be opened by the bride's father, who would read aloud the names of the donor and receiver written on them and hand them to the latter to be opened.

And so the process began, the minor articles being first distributed. Even though the gifts are trifling there is something delightful in the expectation attending these Christmas distributions. A name was read and the package handed to the receiver, who, with a smile for the donor, opened it and, no matter how unimportant the gift, expressed unbounded delight. Half an hour was taken up before the last present came up to be delivered.

"Ella to Tom," was read out in a sonorous voice.

Tom, seeing a little package no heavier than an ordinary letter, felt relieved, thinking that Ella had kept her word at least in this one item, giving him some trifle—a bookmark, perhaps—that she had made with her needle. The package was handed to him amid silence, all eyes turned upon him to discover what her gift would be. He broke the string and took out two bits of rectangular paper. It gradually dawned upon him that they were the two notes for $500 each he had made to Shuster. On their face was stamped in large red letters the word "Canceled."

Tom looked up at Ella, whose eyes were dancing with delight. For a few moments he did not seem to understand the matter or at least did not know what to do. Then he arose from his seat and, going to her, took her in his arms amid a united shout of "Merry Christmas!" From that day to this he had gained an inkling of the meaning of the bride's gift.

Calls for an explanation coming from all sides, it was given by the bride's father:

"About the time Tom was graduated from college and needed money for his studies for a profession Ella received a legacy of about $1,300. She desired to give it to Tom for educational purposes, but he feared he would not accept it. She went to Shuster, a money lender, and hired him to propose to furnish Tom with the required means at a moderate interest, and it was through Shuster that Ella lent Tom the money, the notes for which on this blessed Christmas morning she saw in his wife cancels."

All leaned forward to catch every word of this brief explanation. When it was finished every one felt moved to say something, yet no one seemed to know what to say. The silence was broken by Ella's little brother, aged six, who wildly shouted "Merry Christmas!"

The words were not as irrelevant as they seemed, since it was on the first Christmas morning that the great lesson of self sacrifice was announced to the world.

HORSE LORE.

The mare with the fall colt must have a good milk making ration. Oats, wheat bran, a little linseed meal, with bright sweet clover or alfalfa hay, is a good milk making ration.

The colts and unused horses should spend most of each pleasant day in the paddock.

Carry a warm blanket with you every time you drive away from the farm. You may intend to come right home without hitching, but you can never foresee the delay that may compel you to hitch your horse in the open.

Horses thin in flesh or unbroken are always poor sellers.

Uninterrupted growth and development are essential in the colt.

The idle curry comb and the fat horse seldom live in the same barn.

Brush is mostly due to dirty stables, horses standing in fermenting manure or walking in mud and snow water.

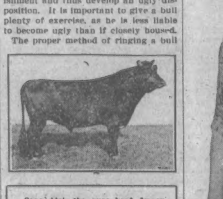
THE HEAD OF THE HERD.

Care Should Be Taken Not to Develop an Ugly Disposition.

It may seem strange, but nevertheless it is true, that all bulls after arriving at the age of one year or more are liable to become playful, and oftentimes their playful pranks lead to more serious intentions, such as attacking people, and for this reason it is very important to prevent attendants against more serious trouble by having a copper ring placed in the bull's nose, as by so doing it enables the attendant to handle the animal with more safety.

It is exceedingly important never to pet a bull or punish him, as this gives him an opportunity to either get rough by being petted or resent punishment and thus develop an ugly disposition. It is important to give a bull plenty of exercise, as he is less liable to become ugly than if closely housed.

The proper method of ringing a bull



Sans' Alot, the pure bred Jersey bull herewith shown, is a son of Financial Countess, the best Jersey cow in the world to produce in the neighborhood of 1,00 pounds of butter in a year. He is owned by E. R. Shoemaker of Waterloo, Ia. His dam is still a young cow and is considered one of the greatest dairy cows of any breed the world has produced.

is to place a rope around the neck or horns and a half hitch or loop around the nose, pull the head around to one side in a slanchion and by the use of a cattle tracer pierce the partition between the nostrils. Leave the cannula and withdraw the trocar; place one end, of the bull ring when unhinged into the mouth of the cannula and withdraw same. This will permit the ring to follow inside of the cannula until it is placed in its proper position, at which time both ends should be hinged and fastened with the little screw which holds the ends together.

The bull ring before being placed in the bull's nose should be medicated with a little carbolized vaseline or healing oil.—David Roberts, D. V. S., in Kimball's Dairy Farmer.

Age For Breeding Ewes.

In putting together a flock of breeding ewes there is at the present time much danger of being tempted to include young ewes that catch the eye because they appear strong and well grown. They are seldom fit to assume maternal cares before they are fully eighteen months old. Even if they produce good, strong lambs they are seldom able to find sufficient milk for them, or if they are able to fulfill all these duties you will be likely to find a spoiled ewe next season. There is real economy in giving them the due advantage of time, because they will cost but little and will more than repay that little in clearing up weeds and manuring the farm, and when it comes around to the time for mating them they will be apt to present you with two sturdy lambs.

Alfalfa and Corn.

The Kansas experiment station has proved that for every 100 pounds of growth made by bone fed grain alone 170 pounds may be made when alfalfa hay is fed in connection with it, and the grain that was worth $1 fed alone proved to be worth $1.80 fed with this hay. The Nebraska station shows that hogs fattened on corn alone made the grain worth 77 cents per bushel, but with alfalfa it was worth $1.

Ensilage For Beef Making.

Speaking of ensilage for beef production, may it not be possible that the silo will prove to be the one thing that was lacking to make the change from ranch and range production to farm production of beef at once easy and profitable? All reports from those who have tried it show the value of ensilage in beef making, and those who have once used this method continue to use it.

EIGHT USES FOR LEMONS.

Dash of the Juice in Water Is a Good Tooth Wash.

Besides being a valuable article of food, lemons have many uses that every woman should know.

The juice of a lemon taken in hot water on arising in the morning is an excellent liver corrective and for stout women is better than any salt fat medicine ever invented.

A dash of lemon juice in water is a good tooth wash. It not only removes tartar, but also sweetens the breath.

Glycerin and lemon juice in equal parts on a bit of absorbent cotton are the best thing to moisten the lips of a fever patient.

A teaspoonful of lemon juice in a cup of black coffee will cure a bilious headache.

Lemon juice and salt will remove rust stains from linen without injury to the fabric. Wet the stains with the mixture and put the article in the sun. Repeat until the stain disappears.

The best manicure acid is made by putting a tablespoonful of lemon juice in a cup of hot water. It removes stains from fingers and nails and softens the cuticle about the nail in a satisfactory way.

Outward applications of lemon juice cure stings and bites of insects.

Lemon peel and orange peel, dried, make a good substitute for kindling. A handful thrown into a dying fire will revive it at once.

The Haidee Gown.

Oriental effects reign supreme all through the dress world, and the illustration shows what is called by the maker a French coutourier, a Haidee

costume. The tunic is particularly effective, covered as it is with exquisite Turkish embroidery in dull but harmonious colorings. A dull gold cord encircles the waist, and a ball fringe of gold edges the tunic.

For the Home Seamstress.

When the kimono seam of the sleeve is always pulling out of its proper place switch is a straight line from the inside of the arm to the wrist bone it is a very difficult fault to remedy, as the trouble lies entirely in the cutting.

Those seams pull crooked because the material was cut crooked. The grain or thread of the goods should be straight along the inside seam, or it may be that the sleeve is cut put in right, or the armhole itself may be too large.

Before cutting into the material study the directions and indicating marks and notches on the pattern, and do the slitting to fit the figure, if it is necessary, according to directions.

To Prevent Drafts.

A simple and practical way to prevent a draft entering a door that has through shrinkage a wide crack under it is to fold three thicknesses of paper together just the width of the door and two inches deep and cover it with tape or cloth as near the color of the door as possible.

Sew to this three small brass rings, one a quarter of an inch from each end and one in the middle. Fasten into the bottom of the door three small screw hooks and hang the rings to them. You will have a perfect protection for cold air coming under the door and one that is easily removed and kept dusted.

NAILING MACHINE.

Automatically Places Nails in Position For the Hammer.

This machine, which is specially designed for nailing shingles, relieves a workman from practically all trouble except that of hitting the nail on the head and of moving the machine into the next position. The nails are dumped into the hopper, in the bottom of which are three parallel slits. The vibration of the machine in use causes the nails to drop point downward into the slits and hang by their heads. Thence they pass into a similar slit in

IMPROVED NAILING MACHINE.

the incline and slide, still hanging by their heads, down to the catch spring. This spring holds the nail under the plunger, which sets the nail in the material.

The machine can be used with the hands protected by gloves or mittens, and it obviates the necessity of holding nails in the mouth and prevents bruised fingers.—Popular Mechanics.

BIG MAP OF MAINE.

Topography of the State Shown in Minute Detail.

The state of Maine and the United States geological survey are together spending thousands of dollars in constructing a topographic map of the state. This map when finished will be of such dimensions that few if any halls in Maine will be big enough to hang it in. It will be about 32 feet high by 20 feet wide. For convenience, therefore, the map is being made in sections. Each unit of survey is known as a quadrangle, comprising one-sixteenth of a degree of latitude and longitude, about 210 square miles—and a separate atlas sheet is published for each quadrangle surveyed.

Almost every one in Maine knows the value of the government's topographic surveys. The topographic map shows every physical characteristic of the area surveyed—every hill, slope, valley and stream, and the altitude of every point. All the works of man are portrayed by the survey, even in their exact relative position—the roads, the railroads, the bridges, even the houses. Any farmer who has one of these maps may pick out on it his home and note its elevation above sea level as readily as the most experienced engineer. The map is useful to the farmer, to the tourist and huntsman, to the automobilist and to the private surveyor or engineer—in fact, to every one. Thousands of these topographic atlas sheets of the quadrangles in Maine have been sold, but the demand is constantly increasing. The maps are indispensable in engineering development of any character. They have been well termed the mother maps of the country.

Origin of Earth Oil.

The latest theory accounting for the presence of natural oil in the earth is set forth, apparently in the most serious manner, by W. M. Stephenson in a recent issue of the Oil and Gas Journal. It is pointed out that gypsum and limestone together possess the necessary elements and in the right proportion for the making of mineral oil, and it is suggested that natural oil has been produced by the fulgurction and decomposition of these two materials which often occur together in nature. Corroborative evidence is adduced to show that these minerals are often present in the oil fields and that sulphur is usually found dissolved in the oil in amounts corresponding to the sulphur found by analysis to occur in gypsum (sulphate of lime). According to the theory, one cubic foot of gypsum and limestone would produce 2.34 gallons of crude oil.

Japanese Flytraps.

Flies are quite troublesome in Japan during the summer months, and here, as well as elsewhere in the far east, various native devices are used for exterminating them. A fly trap commonly used is made of an ordinary bottle with an opening into which the fly passes and finds it impossible to escape. Water, vinegar or sake is placed in the bottom of the bottle to drown or suffocate the fly. A sticky substance made of lime is also used in Japan and is pasted on paper. This substance is very cheap, and for half a cent enough can be purchased to cover a surface approximately two feet square.—Consular Report.

Sic It Must Be.

"There goes Murkil, who invented the new airship, with his wife. Is it really dirigible, as he says, do you think?"

"Oh, yes. He can fly it wherever she likes."—Fliegende Blatter.

In Court.

Unto the tribunal we bring,
As unto guilt the bitter cup,
The razor hasn't done a thing,
But just the same we back him up.
—Washington Star.

SATURDAY NIGHT SERMONS

BY

REV. SAMUEL W. PURVIS, D.D.

GOD'S FORWARD SIGNAL.

Text, "When thou shalt hear a sound of marching in the tops of the mulberry trees thou shalt go out to battle."—2 Chron. xiv, 15.

David was at war. The Philistines were bedging him pretty closer. He had his troops marshaled and arrayed for battle. Then there's a hush. Remember the night before the battle back in the sixties, comrade? Many a good soldier went into his tent and laid his sword at the feet of the god of battles. After the council of war adjourned many a division, corps and army commander humbly awaited an answer from the Lord of hosts. So David waited and was told to take his place near a grove of mulberry trees, and at dead of night he heard the tramping and marching, not of the Philistines, but of the movement of the angelic armies of heaven. Then the moment for the decisive blow had arrived. I do not know just what David had—clatter of horses' hoof, thunder of artillery wheel, clash of armor. I only know that when he had done his all he went to headquarters, and from there came the signal from the Lord forward to victory. Catch the significance. O church of God! Not the arm of flesh and blood, but of omnipotent God. Have you one think of Jehovah's servant going out in the morning and seeing the mighty host of the Syrians. Hear him cry, "Alas, master, what shall we do?" Ever and ever that question. Christian, when some suffering critic asks, "Who is God?" "Where is he?" Then comes the opening of your eyes, and the mountain is seen alive with the allied armies of God.

"The Tumult and the Shouting Dies."

Two miles of warships in the harbor! Twenty-five thousand fighting soldiers in the streets, and one think of Jehovah's servant going out in the morning and seeing the mighty host of the Syrians. Hear him cry, "Alas, master, what shall we do?" Ever and ever that question. Christian, when some suffering critic asks, "Who is God?" "Where is he?" Then comes the opening of your eyes, and the mountain is seen alive with the allied armies of God.

"The Tumult and the Shouting Dies."

Two miles of warships in the harbor! Twenty-five thousand fighting soldiers in the streets, and one think of Bands playing, banners flying, triumphal arches and reviewing stands! We're fond of trooping flags and massive bands, flashing gold lace and rattling gun carriages. They're visible symbols of national preparedness, and our people glow with glory and our bodies quiver with pride. Oh, yes, and our God is there too.

But back of the warrior and orator, back of cloth power guns and walls of steel, stands what? They who reckon odds in number and size take account of the ships and armies, but men of larger weird vision look back of a courier wounded, a rain falling, a bridge swept away and see the hand of him who moves men as pawns on earth's chessboard. And those of us who would win battles for eternity shall not see a true God standing in the shadow and recognize that a grain of faith may sometimes outweigh an army. We see God calls his church to a forward movement let the brave advance.

Well sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea.
Jehovah hath triumphed; his people are free.

Fluttering Signals.

Has there been an ebb in the tide of the church? Are newspapers and magazines sounding "Wolf! wolf!" with Christianity?" is there a decrease in the numbers of those added to the church? Are budgets and deficiencies alarming? Do stalwart young men refuse to enter the ministry, saying, "It is no longer a man's job"? Are the Philistines hostful and sneering? Then a revival in its real meaning, "a renewal of life," is needed. Men are looking for a revival in business. When does a church need a spiritual quickening? When prayer meetings are at last Sunday evening attendance is slim, with church bazaars crowded and animated. When shorter sermons and more music, sung perhaps by ungodly choirs, is called for. When Bible is forgotten, private prayer unusual, the Lord's Supper forsaken. When worldly control the church and the minister fears the wealthy sinner in the pew. When social prestige rank the church's ambition; when form prevails and the church militant loses more than the sharp, definite proclamation of the gospel of salvation through faith in Christ. When the church of the living God falls asleep with dying sinners in its arms. Then comes God's call for a forward movement.

The Sound of Marching.

Stand back ye timid! God has not forsaken his world. Come, Elijah, to mount Carmel. God is going to answer by fire. Prophets of Baalis, Ezekiel, over the valley of dry bones. Take your stand by the Jordan. John the Baptist, Assemble yourselves, ye fainting, for a Pentecost. Let the Augustines, Luthers, Knoxes, Wesleys, Fosters, Pinneys and Moodys take their hour by the grove of mulberry trees. God's signal is flashing. Are you contemptibly few in numbers? God does not deal in majorities, big figures are often ciphers. Elijah stood upon opposing of Sesh, accept God's challenge. Remember Gideon, with his little regiment chiseling the host of Midianites, Jehoshaphat with several men marching an army of Philistines. Magnificent figures these. Map made up of men, women and CHRISTIAN voices, triumph in their face. Ray, lonely, dispirited, heartbroken pastor, do you hear the signal in the tops of the mulberry trees? Then go forward in the name of your God. The time of his advance is at hand. God goes before his people. The individual and nation that march along the highway of righteousness shall see the pillar of fire at night and the cloud of protection by day.

Two Christmas Days

Between Them There Was a Marked Change

By BERTHA G. TREAT

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Mother and I lived in our little cottage at B., not half a mile from the Nelson place. From the window of my room I could look into its beautiful grounds and see its massive walls and wished we could have such a place as that. Now and again I would see George Nelson driving in or out in his cart or his automobile or riding on horseback. He was master of the place, though he was but twenty-seven, for his father had died when he was a little boy, and his mother died soon after he came of age. We had long been near neighbors, and the Nelsons had been very kind to us.

When one afternoon a week before Christmas George Nelson drove up to the house in his automobile, with its glass wind screen and any number of fur rugs, and asked me to go out for a spin with him it never occurred to me that he was to take me out for any other purpose than to give pleasure to a child.

Though it was a cool morning, the sun shone brightly, and there was no wind except what was made by the rapid motion of the auto. Both the crisp morning and our rapid ride over the smooth roads were exhilarating, and I showed all the delight of a girl of twelve. Now and again Mr. Nelson looked aside at me as if he could scarcely make me out. Somehow my juvenile exuberance did not seem to please him. There was a serious look on his face, and several times he started to say something that he did not finish, either stopping or turning what he had intended to something else. Finally, when we had been out more than an hour, he said, with a tender tone in his voice:

"Daisy, I wish to give you a nice Christmas present this year, something of importance. I wish you to name what you would like."

I began at once to think over those things that would most please me. Had I been older I would have known better than to choose jewelry or any gift that would not be proper for a woman to accept from a man not a relative or a fiance. As it was, I said that I would like a bracelet.

"You shall have it," he said, "and there is something else I'm going to give you—something that I wish you to have. The bracelet will be your present; the other will be mine. What I mean by that is that, while your heart is set on the bracelet, mine is set on the gift I have myself chosen for you."

This was Greek to me, for I hadn't the slightest idea of what he could be thinking. With the curiosity of a child I began to ask him all sorts of questions about this gift that he had chosen for me. Was it wood? Was it metal? Was it paper? Instead of being pleased at these questions, they seemed to bother him. There was a look on his face that I could not understand.

When we drove up to the house Mr. Nelson wouldn't come in, saying that he would call Christmas morning with the two gifts. I ran in and poured everything he had said to me in my mother's ears, manifesting the same childlike delight in which I noticed she was not especially sympathetic. When I told her that I had chosen a bracelet she winced. When I said that Mr. Nelson was going to give me something else that he had especially chosen for me she seemed interested, though she made no remark. When I had finished my story of our ride she said:

"Daisy, you will be eighteen next April. At your age I was preparing to be married. I don't know what dream you so childish. You should remember that I am getting old, that you are a woman, and it is time you were thinking of the life before you."

I must have been very stupid, for I did not connect what she said to me with George Nelson or any other man. Indeed, I didn't know what she meant. She didn't explain, so I continued in the dark.

On Christmas morning George Nelson drove up to the house in his two wheeled cart and, hitching his horse to a post, came in. I was watching him from my window and noticed that he had no packages in his hands, from which I inferred that what he was intending to give me of his own choosing was not bulky. He wore a fur lined overcoat, and there was plenty of room for ordinary sized packages in the pockets. I went downstairs and found him and mother in the library. There was a very pleased look on mother's face, and, seeing her holding something in her clenched hand, I inferred that she had received a present, though how it could be of much value and so small as to be concealed in her fist, I could not guess. Mr. Nelson handed me a box, which I opened and found a beautiful gold bracelet set with rubies. He pretended not to see my eyes on it for a while then drew forth another box, no bigger than a walnut. This I opened and took out a ring set with a handsome solitaire diamond.

"This is what I have chosen for you," he said.

I was as well pleased with it as with my bracelet. So intent was I on both that for some time I did not raise my eyes, and when I did I caught mother and Mr. Nelson looking at each other meaningly. But so stupid was I that I did not realize what was passing between them. I slipped my ring successively on the fingers of my right hand and found it fitted the third.

"I suppose I shall wear it there," I said. "It fits exactly."

"Oh, Daisy," exclaimed my mother, "you are incorrigible!"

"Not at all," Mr Nelson protested. "Let her wear the ring on her right hand. Next Christmas I may give her another, and then, also of my own choosing, and possibly it may also be of hers, but till then let her do as she likes about this one."

"You two are speaking in riddles," I broke out. "I do wish you would talk so that I can understand you."

"Goodby, my merry Christmas," said Mr Nelson. "Remember, next year I hope to stand here with another gift, which will explain to you things that you are yet too young to understand."

With that he went out, got into his cart and drove away.

"What does it all mean, mother?" I asked.

"Perhaps you will know by next Christmas without being told."

That was all I could get out of her, and, though I puzzled over the matter all that day and for some time afterward, I failed to find any satisfaction for the secret between mother and Mr. Nelson.

During the following year our neighbor was more frequently at our house, and when summer came and he took me on long spins in his auto a change had come over me. I began to look upon him not as a father or older brother, but as a man whom I liked very much to be with. When autumn came he would occasionally bring or send me flowers from his conservatory. It seems singular to me now that while I began to look upon him as a lover companion for me I still failed to understand his action in giving me a ring at the previous Christmas.

One day I asked my mother if she remembered that George Nelson had promised to give me in December a present that would explain to me hereafter things that I had missed an opportunity that might not occur again. A good of light poured in upon me, and I was shocked at my obtuseness. Furthermore, I was seized with consternation, but I had lost the man I was now conscious that I loved.

From that time till Christmas I strove by especially encouraging my former suitor to undo what I had done But the more I encouraged him the more I was discouraged. Mr. Nelson grew, so far as I could discern, more and more indifferent to me. Toward the end of October came a change. It was on a beautiful autumn day, when we went together for an automobile drive. Mr. Nelson said to me:

"You remember that I promised you a gift for the coming Christmas that would be of my and I hoped of your choosing?"

"I do."

"I am ready to tell you what it is to be."

"What?"

"A wedding ring."

When we returned to the house I announced to my mother that my object was to be and that I had accepted it.

"I hope," she replied, "you will have the sense to put it on your left hand."

"Indeed I will," I replied.

George insisted, unless there was some especial objection, on being married on Christmas. He said that he had been looking forward for nearly a year to put the wedding ring on my finger and if he were not permitted to do so on that day he would be disappointed. I had less than two months in which to get ready, but I assented. And on Christmas morning he did as he had intended to do—gave me a plain gold ring—and as a part of the marriage ceremony, when he slipped it on, he and mother exchanged glances, and both were smiling.

After the ceremony I went with my husband on a wedding journey, and on my return I became an inmate and mistress of the place upon which I had for so many years looked wistfully. My husband says that he missed his mother, for there can be no wooing of a child. At any rate, he had but a few months of lovemaking.

THE NEW OPERA BAG.

Trimmed Reticule Important Part of Costume.

A VANITY OR OPERA BAG.

The up to the minute woman carries to evening affairs, the theater and the like, a very picturesque bag slung on long cord handles. Such a bag is picture, and it contains fan, opera glass, vanity outfit and all the little belongings a woman likes to have at hand. It is made of rose silk embroidered in gold sontache and matches the cap of macrame lace over rose silk with trimmings of gold fringe.

First Aid to Silver Bag.

"Where's your lovely silver bag?" asked a keen eyed woman of the friend who had come to meet her.

"Oh," was the plaintive answer, "I have had to stop wearing it. It leaves a dirty mark against all my light dresses, and, besides, I'm afraid of wearing it out. My keys and things poke holes in the inks as."

Any possessor of one of those very desirable silver bags will have experienced these troubles, but there is really no need to put the pretty things away except for dark clad occasions, when nothing more serious than a handkerchief and a notebook are carried. Silver bags certainly get very dirty, but they have the advantage over leather and suede ones of being easily cleaned.

When your bag is dark and dull looking simply drop it into a bowl of hot water in which a little ammonia has been added. You will be surprised at the dirt that will roll out. A good brushing with soap and a soft nailbrush will finish the cleaning process. The bag should now be rinsed in clear hot water and rubbed with a soft towel while it is still warm.

Useful Christmas Offerings.

A Christmas grab bag will make the day bright for some friend who is ill. It can be made to suit any purse. That is its chief appeal to the donor. It lasts all day, and that is its greatest attraction to the recipient.

Make the bag to suit the age and tastes of the person who is to open it. In it packet ten or a dozen gifts, tied separately in tissue paper with gay cords or colored ribbons. Fasten a card of direction to the outside of the bag. It might read: "Merry Christmas."

THE NEWEST DESIGNS IN WORKBAGS.

mas. As each hour strikes shut your eyes, thrust in your hand and pull out the first package you touch."

One attractive bag for a grown person might be made of Japanese crepe and filled with any of the knickknacks which are to be picked up for 25 cents —or as many dollars—in any Japanese bazaar. Some appropriate gifts are a package of orris root, sachet, a print in soft tones of some oriental maiden or snow capped mountain, a painted fan, a teacup of thin china, a tiny carved bone or ivory charm.

A child's bag could hold a picture book, some Christmas stories, a doll or woolly lamb or bear, a small Santa Claus, a reindeer, a belly figured hair ribbon for a girl or a penknife, which suggests happier days to a boy.

The workbags seen in the illustration are two of the newest designs to this useful article.

THE SWINEHERD.

Movable pens are excellent to have on any farm where hogs are raised. If these are used and moved from place to place the hogs are kept clean and healthy and the manure more evenly distributed.

Medium sized hogs are now most in favor. It is best to feed hogs for only eight or ten months. After they are a year old the feeding is not profitable.

There should be placed in every pig yard and pasture a box with salt, charcoal, air slaked lime, bonemeal and hardwood ashes, so that the pigs can help themselves at will.

Sows should be bred in trios. Then if two of them should produce small litters all the pigs may be given to one sow and the other may be again bred or fattened and sold.

The sow that has proved herself extra valuable as a breeder and a mother should be one of the most prized animals on the farm.

A brood sow should be well nourished, but a great mistake is to allow her to become very fat, as a fat sow will lose litters or farrow weaklings.

SHELTER FOR SHEEP.

Flock Needs Protection From the Winter Storms.

Sheep have little need of protection from cold further than that which they provide for themselves in their wool. Keeping them dry and out of the wind any attempt to keep their quarters warm will likely do more harm than good, but wool is not a very good windbreak and is a very poor protection against water.

Drying of wet wool is due principally to the evaporation of body of the sheep. If any one is inclined to doubt this statement let him try drying a fleece of the wool. The fleece will become cool. It is well known that it takes a lot of heat to evaporate a little water, and this heat must come from the feed that ought to be making marketable wool or mutton instead of going off into the air. The chill resulting from wet wool will cause colds, catarrh, etc., to those with the thrift of the sheep for a long time. Then when a sheep is weighted down with a lot of water or snow or sleet it does not eat so well as when it is dry and comfortable. Exposure to wind is not nearly so bad as exposure to wet weather, but is bad enough and should be avoided.

Except for lambing time, sheds that are not very deep and open on one or two sides are about the best shelter to be had. When a closed barn is used the floor above the sheep should be high up, so that they will have a good air space overhead and, besides, contain plenty of openings for the escape of air upward.

It is very important that ventilation be secured without any strong drafts. Drafts in the barn are much worse than wind out of doors. The side of the barn toward the prevailing wind should be made tight so as to avoid a sifting wind, and especially it should make good connection with the ground so that there will not be a draft running along the floor of the barn.

It is especially important that there be perfect ventilation when the sheep are put into the barn. The gases from wet wool are poisonous to sheep, and they had far better stay out in any kind of weather than be penned up and have to breathe these gases.—C. E. Lewis Before West Virginia Sheep Breeders' Association.

Indigestion in Hogs.

Indigestion in individuation changes its diet to lighter feed at once and if possible put it on grass. A slop of middlings, milk, bran, a very little cornmeal and flaxseed meal is generally good to give, to which limewater is added at the rate of one ounce per quarter of each meal. When the animal is doing well again the limewater by degrees may be discarded. Another important thing is to see that the slop served and the trough are kept scrupulously clean.

Improvement in Horses.

Man whose experience extends back half a century can discern a great improvement in both draft and road horses. The "plug" is rapidly passing. State stallion laws are largely responsible for improved conditions.

GLOOMY.

If I had a yacht and a private car
And a castle high on a hill somewhere,
If my scarfpin shone like the evening star
And I had the finest clothes to wear—
If I, in short, were a millionaire
And could work or play as my fancy turned,
Do you think that I should be free from care
And could rest unceasingly unconcerned?

If I had all that money will buy—
And money will buy a lot, you know—
If my wealth were great and my station high
And my debts were all paid long ago;
If my fame had spread and my strongest foe
Were clanking chains in a gloomy cell,
If my hair remained where it used to grow,
Do you fancy I'd think that all was well?

If I were blessed with the blessings which
Are plainly enumerated here,
If I had fame and were also rich
And moved in the highest social sphere,
I should still consider this planet drear
And, forged the garbs and the prisoner's
care—
I had to let coffee alone last year,
And now I am forced to give up cigars!
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Fisherman's Luck.

The lady bather had got into a hole, and she couldn't swim, nor could the young man on the end of the pier, but when she came up for the first time and he caught sight of her face he shrieked:

"Help!"

A burly fisherman sauntered to his side.

"Wot's up?" he hoarsely cried.

"My wife! Drowning! I can't swim. Twenty pounds for you if you save her!"

In a moment the fisherman was in the sea. In another moment he was out of it with the rescued lady bather. Swelling with expectation, he approached the young man again.

"Well, what about the twenty quid?" he asked.

But if the young man's face had been ashen before it was deadly pale as he stood upon the features of the recovering dame.

"Y-e-s, I know!" he gasped. "But when I made the offer I thought it was my wife who was drowning, and now —now it turns out it was my wife's mother!"

The fisherman pulled a long face.

"Just my luck!" he muttered, thrusting his hand into his trousers pocket. "How much do I owe you?"—Tit-Bits.

Boom Times.

This is the time when a presidential boom can step up to almost any statesman's office and walk in without knocking.—Washington Star.

One on the Barber.

Customer—Is it true that the edge of a razor improves if it is laid aside for a while after being it?

Barber—Yes, sir.

Customer—Then you'd better lay aside the razor you've just used on me for about 4,000 years.—New York Mail.

Thoughtful.

"The clocks," said the bride, "are simply beautiful, and it was lovely of you to give them to us. But—you won't think me inquisitive?—may I ask why you gave us a pair of them? Of course, it was perfectly"—

"I gave you two of them," interrupts the friend, "because I'm very fond of both of you, and if you ever get divorced you will each have something to remember me by."—Chicago Post.

Queer.

Towne—My wife never likes me to refer to her age.

Browne—My wife's funny that way too. She doesn't want me to remember her age, and yet she gets mad if I forget her birthday.—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Trouble.

"There is one difficulty about an athletic class of society girls."

"What is that?"

"The impossibility of introducing such a thing as dumb belles."—Baltimore American.

How It Works.

A nation, in the modern democratic sense, comprises a few whose intelligence thinking determines their politics and a great many whose politics determines their way of thinking.—Puck.

Supplying the Cause.

"Now, I want something in your happiest vein," said the editor.

"Better pay me in advance, then," declared the poet.—Washington Herald.

Christmas Recipes

Mock Turtle Soup.

Two quarts of good stock, one carrot, one turnip, one teaspoonful of whole peppers, two ounces of lean bacon, two heaping tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one cod's head, four stalks celery, one onion, a bunch of herbs, one blade of mace, one bay leaf, six cloves, strained juice of one lemon, salt and pepper to taste.

Clean and split the cod's head and put it in a saucepan with cold water to cover it. Bring it to a boil and boil for fifteen minutes. Remove from the fire and put aside. Put the butter in the soup pot, allow it to get hot and brown, add the flour and fry it till yellow, stirring all the time. Add the stock, bacon, sliced vegetables and spices. Boil slowly for one hour, then strain. Return the soup to the pot with one and a half pints of the water the cod's head was boiled in, add the lemon juice, salt and pepper to taste. Cut the glutinous part of the cod's head in neat pieces, add them; also some small forcemeat balls made as follows:

Forcemeat Balls.—One ounce suet, two ounces breadcrumbs, a little grated lemon rind, salt, pepper, a grate of nutmeg and egg to moisten, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, thyme and marjoram. Chop the suet very fine, mix all the ingredients with as much raw beaten egg as is necessary to moisten. Roll the mixture into small balls, drop them into boiling water to poach for five minutes, add them to the soup and boil again for five minutes.

Plum Pudding.

Quarter pound sifted flour, half pound currants, half pound suet, half pound brown sugar, two teaspoonfuls mixed spices, one grated nutmeg, half wineglassful of brandy, one teaspoonful baking powder, two ounces blanched and chopped almonds, half teaspoonful salt, one cupful milk, half pound fine breadcrumbs, half pound raisins, half pound sultana raisins, quarter pound mixed peel, citron, lemon and orange, four eggs, grated rind and strained juice of one lemon and one orange. Wash and pick the currants, stone the raisins, chop the suet and suet, put them in a basin with all the other ingredients, the eggs well beaten, the brandy and milk. Pour into a well buttered mold, cover with buttered paper and steam gently for five hours. Turn out carefully and serve with hard sauce.

Hard Sauce.—Quarter of a pound of sweet butter, two heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of sherry wine or brandy, quarter ounces chopped almonds. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, add the brandy or sherry and almonds, mix well.

Crystallized Cranberries.

Take large fine cranberries for crystallizing, selecting those that are of good shape and color. Piece a pound of them in a sieve and dip the whole into a pan of simmering water. Leave in for a minute and then take out the sieve and stand on something to drain. Weigh out a pound and a half of sugar. Place a pint of water in a pan and add to it a quarter of a pound of the sugar. Boil up till the sugar has dissolved. Remove it and add after putting the cranberries in a basin pour the liquid boiling hot over them. Stand all aside till the next day, when drain off the syrup and add to it another quarter of a pound of the sugar. Skim well and pour over the cranberries.

Continue this process till the sugar is all used up. The last time boil the cranberries in the syrup until they look plump. Drain well, and when almost dry roll in the granulated sugar and dry in a cool oven.

Put the cranberries may be placed in small jars and the syrup poured over them. These jars may be covered up like jelly. The contents will keep for years.

Delmonico Chicken Salad.

Bone a fine tender chicken, cut the clear meat into small pieces and put them into a deep salad bowl. Dress it with a tablespoonful of vinegar and a few white celery leaves cut into small pieces. Season also with pepper and salt, using twice as much salt as pepper. Mix well and pour over it half a cupful of mayonnaise dressing. Decorate the top with a chopped hard boiled egg, a tablespoonful of capers, twelve mixed olives and two hard boiled eggs, cut into quarters. Arrange six small white lettuce leaves around the dish with the stems. It is well to boil the chicken or the fowl, whichever it is, in soup stock to give it an extra richness. If it is a fowl it should cook about an hour and a half or an hour and three-quarters. After it has been cooked let it get thoroughly cold. It is a good plan to let the bird cool in the water it was cooked in. Six leaves of chopped lettuce may be used instead of the celery and makes a change.

Salad of Oranges.

Eight oranges, two tablespoonfuls sherry wine, one tablespoonful maraschino, half a cupful of sugar. Peel and slice the oranges very thin, cutting them downward instead of across. Sprinkle with the sugar, wine and maraschino and set in the refrigerator for one hour.

Keep Your Eye on REDCLIFF

The Coming Manufacturing Town of Western Canada

If Dreams Came True.

I dreams came true
What should we do?
Well, I for one
Would have some fun
And do small hars
Parading in my undershirt.

And now and then
I'd startle men
By twirling high
Up in the sky
In pleasant weather,
A flaming nay two hats together

Then possibly
You'd see poor me
Stond on my toes
And there recite
The "Burlew Shall Not Ring To-night."

And there's no doubt
Some evening out
You'd see me stir.
Some theater
By going there
Arrayed in my pajamas fair

Upon the whole, 'twixt me and you,
'Tis well our dreams don't all come true.
—Harper's Weekly.

Hope

It is the easiest thing in the world for a man to belive as he hopes.—Pittsburgh Sun.

Awful Discovery.

Col. Sam Hughes, who has made the awful discovery that swords imported from England are really "made in Germany," is the sponsor of the following anecdote. It shows the extraordinary opinion some people hold concerning the public service. One of the gallant Colonel's constituents, who had been for some years more or less eccentric character and was once confined in an asylum, called on him a few days ago. Col. Hughes courteously granted an interview, and his visitor said: "Well, Colonel, you've known me for years, and know I'm generally thought to be crazy."

The Colonel nodded a semi-assent. "Well, what can I do for you?" he asked.

"Well," retorted the visitor, "I feel quite sure I could hold down a government job."—Toronto Saturday Night.

"Won't you take this seat?" said the gentleman in the car, rising and lifting his hat.

"No thank you," said the girl with the skates over her arm. "I've been roller-skating, and I'm tired of sitting down."

Some of us never get in right until we have it out with ourselves.

Synopsis of Canadian Northwest Land Regulations.

Any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his home stead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead, in certain districts. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

Coal—Coal mining rights may be leased for a period of twenty-one years renewable at an annual rental of $1 per acre; not more than 2,560 acres shall be leased to one individual or company. A royalty at the rate of five cents per ton shall be collected on the merchantable coal mined.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N. B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

THE REDCLIFF REVIEW

W. H. HATCHER, Publisher.

Subscription - - $1.50 Per Year.

Advertising Rates on Application

FRIDAY, FEB. 2, 1912.

NOT ON THE MAPS.

In looking over the railroad maps of the C. P. R. the name Redcliff does not appear, although stations that have been abandoned, and some that are only section house or water tank stations, are shown. Now this does not seem fair or just to a town that furnishes from 20 to 50 cars of freight a week to this road, and it seems to the REVIEW that in all fairness to this town the C. P. R. ought to go to the small expense of revising their maps. One of the first things a person will do when he or she becomes interested in a town is to get a time table of the railroad that runs through it to find out where it is located, and not finding it they conclude that it don't amount to anything. The business men of this town should take this matter up with the proper officials of the C. P. R. and have it remeded.

Citizens of small towns do not always appreciate the value of a home paper, but it is the greatest advertisement a community can have. We have been sending a few copies of the REVIEW to the States each week and already have received letters asking what property is selling for and what the business chances are. Now if these people come in here and buy property or go into business it makes the property of those now living here worth more, for just as soon as there is a demand for anything the price goes up. But if there is no newspaper in a town it will not be advertised to the rest of the world and consequently nobody ever hears of it.

The REVIEW expects to be able to announce to the citizens of Redcliff in the near future of the coming of two large manufacturing establishments. Negotiations are now being made and every indication points to their coming to Redcliff. The policy of the REVIEW is not to make to much noise until we have something to make a noise about, and when the proper time comes we will demonstrate our ability in using heavy faced letters with plenty of black ink.

We would suggest that Mr. McLachlan, chairman of the councillor board, call a meeting of all those interested in providing some means of crossing the river to the southwest. This is a very important matter and should receive the hearty co-operation of all those who are interested in the future welfare of Redcliff.

A large delegation of Redclifftans went down to the Hat to witness the hockey game that was to be played between Bassano and Medicine Hat, but owing the death of the sister of one of the Hat players the game was postponed.

Redcliff is Growing!

Destined to be the Greatest Manufacturing Center in All Canada

Resources Which Foretell the Future Greatness of the City are

Coal
Natural Gas
Silica Sand
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Redcliff Realty Company, Limited
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FARM LANDS : : : INSURANCE.

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CARPENTERS AND BUILDERS
Estimates Given for Any Class of Work in the Building Line.
REDCLIFF - - ALBERTA

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Our Specialty.

Women Know
the drudgery and tired, aching arms after baking and kneading the bread for a hungry family. Why overwork your poor self unnecessarily when modern methods will save you so much worry and please your family board just as well? Serve and enjoy

KEATS' BREAD
A Full Line of Choice Groceries Always on Hand.

"SUPREME" FLOUR
Made by the Most Experienced Millers in the most modern mill.
We Sell it on its Merits.
Brings joy to every housewife who uses it. Try it and be convinced.
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Estimates Given On All Kinds of Work in the Building Line.
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This Fine New Hotel Now Open. Splendid accommodation for guests
Everything up-to-date. Bar supplied with the best liquors and cigars.
RATES: $2.00 PER DAY
First-class livery in connection.
D. Broadfoot
MANAGER

Redcliff Brick and Coal Co., Limited
Manufacturers of
Wire Cut Building Brick, Fancy Pressed Brick, in different Shades, and Hollow Brick.
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Our modern and complete plant, together with our high-grade raw material, ensures quick fulfillment of all orders with the highest grade product made. Give us a chance to quote on your requirements.
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The Imperial Bank of Canada

Capital Subscribed - -	$6,000,000
Capital paid up - - -	$6,000,000
Reserve - - - -	$6,000,000
Total assets - - - -	$72,000,000

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ANNOUNCEMENT
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Barristers and Solicitors
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Medicine Hat
Have opened a branch office in
REDCLIFF
Over Ireland's store and will be there
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of each week.